

O Moon, Don't Tell.
O moon, did you see
My lover and me
In the valley beneath the sycamore tree?
Whatever befell,
O moon! don't tell:
'Twas nothing amiss, you know very well.
O moon! you know,
Long years ago,
You left the sky and descended below.
Of a summer night,
By your own sweet light
You met your Endymion on Patmos height.
And then, O moon!
You gave him a boon
You wouldn't, I'm sure, have granted at noon.
'Twas nothing amiss,
Being only the bliss
Of giving—and taking—an innocent kiss.
Some churlish lout
Who was spying about
Went off and babbled, and so it got out
But for all the gold
The sea would hold.
O moon! I wouldn't have gone and told.
So, moon, don't tell
Whatever befell
My lover and me in the leafy dell.
He is honest and true,
And remember, too,
He only behaved like your lover and you.

THE KAROO BOKADAMS.

BY W. A. CURTIS.

A bronzed young missionary lately returned from Siam told the following story:

I was a member of the boat crew while at college and when I started for Siam as a missionary immediately after graduating, I took with me the single-rowing shell in which I had done my individual training for the crew.

The missionary station to which I was assigned was in the large town of Ashenam on the Menam River, some miles above Bangkok, the capital and chief city of the country. The town was not at all important except that there was a celebrated temple there in which were kept several sacred white elephants. It was a stronghold of heathendom, and the little chapel of the missionary station looking across the river at the huge pagoda of white elephants was quite large enough for its humble congregation.

The river was nearly a half mile wide and afforded a fine opportunity for exercise in my shell. Every afternoon at about four o'clock I took a row, and I often hovered near the bank upon which the white elephant pagoda stood, watching the sacred creatures as they took their daily bath in the river. I never dared venture very near, for the priests of the pagoda bore no love toward the missionaries and could easily do me some harm; they would justify themselves to the town authorities by saying that they were preventing me from working spells against the elephants.

As it was sacrilege for a human being to mount the backs of the white elephants each one was driven to the river between two common elephants. A sort of collar went around the elephant's neck. To the sides of this collar were fastened two chains, and the other ends of these chains were fastened to similar collars about the necks of the attendant elephants. Priests sat upon the backs of the common elephants, and by driving them forward or stopping them could lead or hold back the white elephant. The chains were very long, in order to give the white elephant plenty of freedom when taking his bath.

In general they walked between their attendants docile enough, and the drivers held the slack of the chains coiled in their laps.

Among the few European residents of the town was a young English merchant who, having been a member of the boat crew at Oxford, and owning a shell, felt bound to show England's superiority over the United States by beating me in a boat race on the Menam.

He issued a challenge and I accepted. The appointed day came. The course was to be a two-mile stretch up river, starting two miles below the missionary station.

The race was a close one, but my constant training told, and I left my adversary behind several hundred yards before reaching the goal. But for the honor of America, I wished to make the defeat as severe as possible and I relaxed nothing of my efforts and shot past the buoy far ahead of the Englishman. The momentum the boat had gathered carried it along in the placid water and I lay upon my oars scarcely able to move. I was completely exhausted.

All at once a tremendous bellowing caused me to look up in alarm. Unaware, I had floated quite near the bathing-place of the white elephants. One old fellow was in the river, bellowing with rage, while on the bank were his two attendant elephants tugging and straining at the chains in the

vain attempt to make him come out of the water. The elephants of Siam attain a larger size than the elephants of any other country, and this white elephant was even larger than most Siamese elephants. Observing how firmly the old fellow was planted in the river sand, and that the other elephants labored under the disadvantage of standing on the sloping bank, I concluded that he would protract his bath as long as he chose.

All at once the attendant elephants ceased their struggles, and a cry of terror burst from the lips of one of the priests, and whatever I had believed before I am now certain that those white elephant priests love and venerate their charges.

"See! the karoo bokadam!" cried the priest, "the white king's life is in danger!"

Floating down the river, directly toward the white elephant, was a piece of wreckage, part of a broken bamboo raft, and lying coiled upon it were two of that hideous, terribly venomous variety of water snakes, the karoo bokadam.

If the wreckage kept its course it would float against the elephant's side. If he moved he might excite the vindictive snakes and receive a fatal blow.

The priests on attendant elephants halted them, but still the white elephant bellowed and swayed from side to side. Truly, the white king's life was in danger.

I grasped my oars and forced the stern of the shell about, and backing water, I came up to the raft with its fatal freight, anding plac the point of the boat against it gently pushed it before me out into the current of the river.

A shout of thanksgiving rose behind me as I drifted along down stream, watching the serpents on the raft at the stern. The creatures moved uneasily and started at me with their unwhiskered eyes, and at last one dropped overboard and sank beneath the quiet surface.

I thought of the stories I had heard of the quarrelsome and revengeful disposition of the karoo bokadam, how if disturbed it would follow boats for miles, watching for a chance to leap over the thwarts and attack the rowers; how swift, how tireless and how terrible it was. Even the books at the station corroborated the stories of the natives; from quaint old Montigny's "Voyage en Siam," to the latest natural history from London, all agreed in their stories of the malignant, dreadful karoo bokadam. And yet I did not believe these stories.

I decided to anger the serpent and see what he would do.

I picked up a heavy piece of wood that was floating in the river and threw it at him, striking him full on the neck. With an angry hiss he raised his head and then deliberately cast himself into the water and started to swim along the side of the boat toward me.

The shell sat low down in the water and he could easily reach me, so I seized the oars and took a strong pull.

The boat shot ahead, but on came the snake, swifter than before, and I took another pull, hardly believing that the reptile was really following me. But my doubt was soon laid at rest, for he darted along on the surface, straight in my wake.

I bent to the oars and made the shell go as fast as my weary muscles would allow. And yet the snake seemed to gain, and as I knew that in my tired condition I could not long keep up the race, I decided to run ashore. But the shore line was behind a forest of tall reeds growing far out into the river and the snake could kill me at his leisure while my boat stuck in them.

I thought of striking him with an oar, but there he was a few feet behind the boat, and before I could get an oar out of its cumbersome fastening he would be upon me, and even could I get the oar out in time it would be too long and unwieldy at close quarters.

My only hope was to make for the first practicable landing, and there was none nearer than the bathing place of the white elephants.

It was my second race that day, and the victory meant more than glory. I put forth all my remaining strength, thinking with chagrin how easily I could leave the snake behind if I were not so utterly exhausted.

On, on, tirelessly follows the wriggling, hideous death, and I see the horrible head get nearer the stern. It passes the stern-post, and I mark its progress by the copper rivets in the side of the boat. His nose is opposite the first rivet, the second, the third; I give a mighty pull at the oar, and it falls back behind the boat once more. I hear the splashing of water. I

glance up. I am nearly opposite the elephant's bathing place. The old white elephant is still in the water, the attendant elephants by his side. I must make a turn to pass them and reach the shore, and as I lose headway in the turn the snake will overtake me.

Something flashes past my eyes as I pull hard on the left oar to make the turn, and the snake disappears. The head priest of the temple stands erect on his elephant.

As my boat grates the shore, the severed body of the karoo bokadam and a bamboo spear rise to the surface and float down the river.

One good turn deserves another, and the white elephant priest had saved my life.

The Siamese have a curious method of rewarding a person who discovers a wild white elephant or saves the life of one, and so I was taken to the temple and my mouth and ears were filled with gold. For the first time in my life I regretted that I had small ears.

NOTE.—The karoo bokadam of Siam is a very thick-bodied snake, some four feet long, covered with imbricated scales. It is of a gray color above and yellow beneath. Its head is marked by a maze of criss-crossed lines that give it a very strange and terrible appearance.—[St. Louis Republic.

The Fishing Rod.

A rod to the angler is what a gun is to the huntsman; or the axe to the woodsman. The angler can fish with a "pole" cut from the alders fringing the stream; the huntsman can shoot with the bow and flint-headed arrow, used by the American aborigines, and the woodsman can cut with the axe of the "stone age;" but the success of the user of these primitive implements, and the pleasure experienced in the use thereof, will be in a degree as far from perfection as the rude tools employed.

Who invented, or first used the fishing rod is a problem not yet solved. If the inventor's name had been handed down to posterity he would have been sainted centuries ago by the unanimous vote of a respectable and cultivated minority of men who have treasured and wielded this pleasure-giving scepter.

While fishing and fishers are often mentioned in both sacred and profane history of ancient days, there is little, if anything, to be found relating to rods. Even Izaak Walton writes but little concerning them. In his fifth day discourse with Venator, he gives instructions for painting the rods:

"Which must be in oil; you must first make a size of glue and water boiled together until the glue be dissolved and the size of a yecolor; then strike your size upon the wood with a bristle, or a brush or pencil, while it is hot. That being quite dry, take a little white lead and a little red lead and a little coal black so much as altogether will make an ash color; grind these together with linseed oil; let it be thick; and lay it thin upon the rod with brush or pencil; this will do for any color to be upon the wood."

In the fourth day talk, in which he treats of fly fishing, he says:

"First, let your rod be light and very gentle; I take the best to be in two pieces."

While I am unable to give an authority for it, I have no doubt Walton meant by the words "very gentle," pliant or limber. The first master of the art thus, in one line, gives us the three most important qualities of a fly rod.—[American Angler.

Remarkable Training of the Eye.

The capacity of the human eye for special training is even greater than that of the hand. A young lady employed in one of the clipping bureaus in New York city can see certain names and subjects at a glance at the page of a newspaper. They are the names and subjects she is paid to look up through hundreds of newspapers every day. What the ordinary reader would have to read column after column to find—and then might miss—she sees at what seems the merest casual glance at the sheet as soon as it is spread out before her.

"They stand right out," said she, laughingly, "just as if they were printed in bold black type and all the rest was small print. I couldn't help seeing them if I wanted to. When I begin to look up a new matter and drop an old one it bothers me a little—the latter by being in my mental way all the time and the former to be hunted; but in a few days one disappears and the other appears in some mysterious way, I can't tell how. I used to think bank cashiers and tellers were a remarkable set of people, but I now find that the eye is much quicker than the hand and is susceptible to a higher training."—[Pittsburg Dispatch.

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

THE BEST KIND OF PIG.

As with other things, the best pig is that which is most suitable for the special purpose desired. Thus, there are bacon pigs, pork pigs, and market pigs. For the ordinary use of the farm, perhaps the Berkshire is the most profitable kind, as it makes the best bacon, good hams and shoulders, and is a quick, thrifty feeder, maturing at an early age. For small pork for use fresh or salted, the Suffolk or the small Yorkshire is popular, and for packers' use the large breeds, as the Cheshire, Poland-China, and large Yorkshire, are largely used.—[New York Times.

LUXURIES THE FARMER SHOULD HAVE.

How many farmers are there who never taste of cauliflower, celery, okra, egg plant, salsify, kale, brussels sprouts or Lima beans, and who seldom eat lettuce, spinach or any dandelions excepting those that spring up wild in the pasture? And pears, peaches and the other small fruits are almost unknown upon their tables, as are melons. Yet a little labor would furnish them in abundance, and at a trifling cost, while those who have no land will spend no small part of their day's toil in procuring these things. If any man ought to be able to afford to indulge in the luxuries of life it should be the one who can get them at first cost.—[Boston Cultivator.

LIVE POSTS OF LOCUST.

Whenever a farm fence has a decided permanent location, and where wire is the material to be used, it will pay well to set useful trees along the line to which the wires may be stapled—a strip of board intervening—after the first light posts or stakes begin to give way. And for this purpose, a good erect-growing strain of the yellow locust tree, as nearly thornless as can be had, is certainly first choice for usefulness and adaptation. Its shade injures nothing—grass grows well up to the base of it; its small leaves smother no blades, and it carries its growth well aloft; and the stem does not dry up in summer heat or in winter winds when trimmed high—the top grows just as well—is just as well supplied. Locust wood excels in durability for sills, posts and similar uses and makes strong, enduring fires. As to soil it is not at all particular. The borer that attacks it seems to succumb to some enemy of it in two or three years after its advent. Once a terror here, we have seen nothing of it for over twenty years. The tree is easily increased, and best by suckers from the roots, as the plants are then all of the same habit—that of the parent tree. When a tree is cut down suckers spring up numerous, and in two or three years are up far enough to be out of the reach of cattle, which eat all the leafy sprouts they can reach and so keep sprouts down.—[New York Tribune.

DEFORMING THE HORSE'S HOOF.

The sole of the horse's hoof is secreted by the velvety tissue dependent from the membrane which invests the pedal bone, the minute, hollow, fibrous processes of which penetrate it and minister to its support. In the mutilated, shrunken sole these delicate fibres are pinched in the lessened caliber of the pores; the source of supply is cut off, and the process of repair retarded if not absolutely arrested. There seems to be a fascination about this work of destruction, and the incompetent workman next addresses himself to the self-imposed task of improving upon nature by removing the bars and what he calls, on the lusus a non lucendo principle, "opening" the heels, a process which in plain language means opening a road for them to close over.

On this poor, maimed foot a shoe, often many sizes too small, is tacked, and the rasp is most likely called into requisition to reduce the foot to fit the shoe; for although it is apparently of little moment whether the shoe fits the foot, it is indispensably necessary that the foot should somehow or other be got to fit the shoe, and horseshoeing, like other arts, must needs sacrifice on the altar of appearances. It is sad that art and nature should so often be at variance and that what satisfies the one should outrage the demands of the other.

The foot is now shod and protected from undue wear, to be sure, but at what a sacrifice! Robbed of its cushion, its natural expander; its lateral braces removed; its sole mangled and its natural repair arrested; the hairlike fibres which make up the horny wall crushed, deflected, and their nutritive function impeded by an unnecessary number of nails;

robbed by the rasp of its cortical layer of natural varnish, which retains the moisture secreted by the economy, the strong walls become desiccated and weakened, and the foot is in a very sorry plight indeed. To some this picture may seem overdrawn, but it is nevertheless a matter of daily occurrence.—[American Farmer.

EXERCISE FOR DAIRY COWS.

All animal life requires a certain amount of exercise to keep in health and vigor of constitution, to enable them to perform all the functions of labor and productive resources to a profitable degree. A writer in the Michigan Farmer says that there is considerable good-natured controversy in the agricultural press regarding the wisdom of turning cattle out-doors for exercise versus the keeping of them in warm, well-ventilated stables, with plenty of grooming or currying. Each side is well represented, and extremes are reached, one writer claiming that you "make prisoners of your cows at your peril;" another equally positive and thoroughly believing in the grounds of his opinion, thinks that "turn your cows out at your peril," should be the motto of every herdsman.

While we fully appreciate and recognize the humanitarian principle in the treatment of our cows, we consider them as so many milk machines to be worked to their fullest capacity, with due regard for wear and tear and profitable returns. In order to do this an account is kept of what goes into the "machine," an accurate record of each milking of every cow every day is carefully kept, and as far as we are able, every influence in the production of our milk is carefully noted. Turn the cows out every day that is not too inclement, leaving them out only so long as they are busy walking about or rubbing themselves. We believe we obtain as results renewed vigor, increased appetite and larger milk returns.

Our cows are warmly housed, thoroughly curried and cleaned every day, have water with the chill off constantly within their reach; yet after being confined to their stable for three or four days by unfavorable weather, they will play like calves when let out, will rub themselves against trees and posts with manifest enjoyment, and with but one exception during the winter, every time let out has resulted in improved appetite and increase in the yield of milk, amounting at times to thirty-eight pounds for twenty-two cows in December and January, and sixty pounds for thirty-eight cows in February and March.

After four months' observation my plan would be to turn the cows out every day that is at all favorable, watching them as closely in their enjoyment of outdoors and exercise as we do their appetite for feed, and as in the latter a little short of enough is better than an over feed, in the former getting them out doors a little before they are quite ready to come is better than leaving them out till they feel the need of warmth and rest.—[Western Rural.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Feed regularly three times a day.

Do you think a horse should be groomed these days?

Keep the lantern in order these days and in a handy place.

Americans are the greatest meat eating people in the world.

Animals fed on dry fodder should have access to plenty of water.

Abuse may develop endurance, but it is at the loss of other qualities.

Given good care any of the best breeds of hogs can be made profitable.

Do not let the horse stable go from one week's end to the other without being cleaned out.

If you think sheep should be washed before being sheared, do the work in as humane a way as possible.

Old, sound hay, and a liberal ration of oats, with a very little corn, is hard to beat for the farm work team.

If the colt you have was so unfortunate as to have a scrub sire, do not add insult to injury by giving it scrub care.

A good handful of oil-meal daily will help to sleek up the team or the cows. Will help them to shed their winter coats.

If you have no pasture for the hogs, sow some peas and oats, cut them green and feed the swine before corn is ready.

The people upon the two continents of North and South America, without the arctic regions, are less than 122,000,000 in numbers, or only eight to the square mile.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

BEEFSTEAK "SPANISH."

Beefsteak "Spanish" is cooked in the following way: Broil the steak until fairly well done, serve it in a hot dish with the following sauce: Put into a frying pan an ounce of butter, and, while it is gradually melting cut up a clove of garlic and a small onion and fry slightly yellow; put in either four peeled tomatoes or two spoonfuls from a can, and one-half pod of red pepper, minced, and a little salt. Let it stew down until nearly dry and then place in the dish.—[New York World.

MUTTON IN SWEDISH STYLE.

Remove all the fat from a loin of mutton, and the outside also, if too fat; remove the skin; joint it at every bone. Mix half a small nutmeg with a little pepper, salt and bread crumbs; dip the steaks into the yolks of three well-beaten eggs, and sprinkle the crum mixture all over them. Then place them together as they were before cut apart, tie them and fasten them on a small spit and place them on a plate in a deep baking pan. Baste well with butter and the drippings in the pan. When done place on a hot dish; add half a pint of water or gravy to that in the pan, one tablespoonful of tomato catsup, one tablespoonful of dropped capers; thicken with flour. After skimming off the fat, let it boil up once after the thickening is added, and pour over meat; serve very hot.—[New York Recorder.

MARSHMALLOW MADE TO ORDER.

"I tell you," said the pretty school girl, "it is harder to make good marshmallows than to trim a bonnet, but when you do it right, they're just 'num.' At school they allowed us to make them Saturday afternoons. Miss P.— had a special receipt which I copied, and here it is:

Take two ounces of fine white powdered gum arabic, cover it with eight tablespoonfuls of water, stand it aside for one hour; then stand the vessel in boiling water, and stir until the gum is dissolved; strain through a cheese cloth into a double boiler and add seven ounces of powdered sugar. Stir this over the fire until the mixture is white and stiff. This will take at least forty-five minutes. Then stir in hastily the well-beaten whites of four eggs; take it from the fire, beat rapidly for about two minutes, add a teaspoonful of vanilla. Dust a square tin pan with corn starch, pour in the mixture and stand in a cool, dry place. When cold cut into squares, roll each square a little in corn starch, put them away in a tin box, "and," she continued, "then send them to your friends"—at least that was Miss P.—'s advice.—[New York Mail and Express.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

For weak eyes, a wash of weak salt and water will prove of much benefit.

To remove grease stains from children's clothing, wash it out while fresh with alcohol.

To clean willow furniture use salt and water. Apply with a nail brush and scrub thoroughly.

Damp salt will remove the discoloration of cups and saucers caused by tea and careless washing.

As a useful and simple ointment for sunburn, nothing has been found better than rose water and glycerine.

A strong solution of alum, to which has been added a little glycerine and vinegar, is a cure for mosquito bites.

To keep nickel silver ornaments and mounts bright rub them with woolen cloths that have been saturated in spirits of ammonia.

According to Mrs. Ewing of culinary fame, hot lemonade is the proper drink for hot weather, being both cooling and wholesome.

It may interest the every-day cook to know that there are olive corers, by the use of which that relish can be stoned for sauce or garnishing.

Salt as a tooth powder is better than almost anything else that can be bought. It keeps the teeth brilliantly white, the gums hard and rosy.

A simple cement for broken china or earthenware is made of powdered quicklime, sifted through a coarse muslin bag over the white of an egg.

A remedy for creaking hinges is mutton tallow rubbed on the joint. A great many locks that refuse to do their work are amply rusted and will be all right if carefully oiled.

Instead of putting food in the oven to keep hot for late comers, try covering it with a tin and setting it over a basin of hot water. This plan will keep the food hot, and at the same time prevent it from drying.